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So gay a smile of joy had glow'd,  
 So rich a light had round him flow'd,  
 So soft a glance,—so bright a ray  
 To please—to dazzle—to betray—  
 That e'en thy pencil's magick trace  
 Had paus'd to catch that wild'ring grace.

And if the fabled artist fir'd  
 To love a form that all admir'd,  
 Gaz'd on the statue he had wrought  
 With secret pangs of raptur'd thought,  
 And paid the image of his art  
 The homage of a captive heart,  
 E'en thou perchance, hadst danger found,  
 From brows with such enchantment bound,  
 And by thy genius to pourtray  
 The nameless charm, hadst felt its sway;  
 And by thy work, been taught to know  
 A shaft like that from Cupid's bow.      H.



*On the Raising of Jairus' Daughter.*

THEY have watch'd her last and quivering breath,  
 And the maiden's soul has flown;  
 They have wrapt her in the robes of death,  
 And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,  
 Upon that fallen flow'r.—  
 Nay, start not—'twas the gath'ring wind,  
 Those limbs have lost their pow'r.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,  
 Over which the faint light plays,  
 'Tis only the crimson curtains glow,  
 Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye?  
 And feel the soft pulse decay?  
 And did not thy lips receive the sigh,  
 Which bore her soul away?

She lies on her couch all pale and hush'd,  
 And heeds not thy gentle tread,  
 And is still as the spring-flow'r by traveller crush'd,  
 Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,  
 And the maid is mute and pale—  
 Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,  
 And dark is her stiffen'd nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,  
 And her head is bent in woe,  
 She shuts her thoughts to joys or harms,  
 No tear attempts to flow.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?  
 It comes to a heart of stone ;  
 " Jesus," she cries, " has no power here,  
 My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,  
 And bends o'er the senseless form,  
 Can his be *less* than a heavenly touch ?  
 'The maiden's hand is warm !

And the fresh blood comes with roseate hue,  
 While death's dark terrors fly,  
 Her form is rais'd, and her step is true,  
 And life beams bright in her eye !

*Watertown, 1817.*

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[THE author of the following ode has taken the liberty to anticipate a little, and to consider the distinguished scholar, to whom it is addressed, as already on his pilgrimage through those classick regions, " where not a mountain rears its head unsung."]

ODE.

*Ad E. E. per Græciam iter tenentem.*

O TU, beatæ sortis et arduæ !  
 Qui nunc fugaces persequeris choros,  
 Per prata, per valles Achivas,  
 Pieridum, timidæque Nymphas !

Quo vertis errans ? Threïceïis jugis,  
 Visas opacis robora frondibus,  
 Ornosve, quæ, chordæ sequaces  
 Æagrii, saluère, vatis ?